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A

NORTH COUNTRIE
GARLAND.





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A

NORTH COUNTRIE GARLAND.

EDITED BY

JAMES MAIDMENT.

AND REVISED BY

EDMUND GOLDSMID, F.R.H.S.



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1884.

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INTRODUCTION.

IN issuing this reprint of Maidment's "North Countrie Garland," I feel that no other apology can be required of me beyond quoting the words of Motherwell :

"A yet more slender volume* appeared in the same year (1824), edited by James Maidment, Esq., and, like the Ballad Book, its impression was limited to thirty copies. . . . Small as is the volume, it makes considerable addition to our catalogue of ancient Ballads." (Minstrely, p. xciv.)

That some of these Ballads may shock the fastidious, I am aware ; but much that is termed "gross ribaldry" in a sanctimonious, formal, and puritanical age, has no claim to such a distinction. Our forefathers called a spade a spade ; we are more accustomed, "under a veil of snowy whiteness, to dally with wantonness in clean, nice, and well-picked phrase." *Honi soit qui mal y pense!* The student of our ancient manners and customs

* The comparison is with C. K. Sharpe's "A Ballad Book" (Bibliotheca Curiosa, vols. ii. and iii.).

does not wish to look at the past through the rose-coloured spectacles of the modern “Tartuffe ;” he requires to see the times and those who lived in them, as they were, rude, unvarnished, coarse if you will ; and where will he find a truer picture of habits that have died out, and of the generations that have passed away, than in these primitive and “uncontaminated” forms of ancient popular song ?

EDMUND GOLDSMID.

EDINBURGH, *June 4*, 1884.



PREFACE.

THE Ballads collected in this present little volume have, with one solitary exception, been for the first time printed.

“Lord Thomas Stuart,” “The Burning of Frendraught,” “Child Vyet,” “Bonny John Seton,” and two or three others, of minor importance, had long been preserved by tradition, in Aberdeenshire, and were procured from an intelligent individual resident in that part of Scotland.

“The Jolly Hawk,” from the pen of the amiable Lord Binning, was originally printed in a collection of songs (“The Charmer”), Edinburgh, 1751, 2 vols., 12mo. The uncommon occurrence of this work, and the cleverness of the song itself, was the cause of its insertion here.

The sources from which the other Ballads were obtained, have been for the most part mentioned in the notice prefixed to each song.

Whatever other merit this “North Countrie Garland” may have, it must be allowed to possess that of *rarity*. (Thirty copies only have been printed, chiefly for the gratification of a few of the Editor’s friends—a circumstance of itself quite sufficient to give it value in the eyes of Bibliomaniacs.)

EDINBURGH, 17th February, 1824.



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A NORTH COUNTRIE GARLAND.



LORD THOMAS STUART.

With the circumstances which have given rise
to this Ballad the Editor is unacquainted.

THOMAS STUART was a Lord,
A Lord of mickle land,
He used to wear a coat of gold,
But now his grave is green.

Now he has wooed the young Countess,
The Countess of Balquhin,
An' given her for a morning gift
Strathboggie and Aboyne.

But woman's wit is aye willful,
Alas ! that ever it was sae,
She longed to see the morning gift
That her gude Lord to her gae.

When steeds were saddled, an' weel bridled,
An' ready for to ride,
There came a pain on that gude Lord,
His back, likewise his side.

He said, "Ride on, my Lady fair,
May goodness be your guide,
For I'm sae sick an' weary, that
No farther can I ride."

Now ben did come his father dear,
Wearing a golden band,
Says, "Is there nae leech in Edinburgh
Can cure my son from wrang?"

"O, leech is come, an' leech is gane,
Yet, father, I'm aye waur,
There's not a leech in Edinbro'
Can death from me debar.

"But be a friend to my wife, father,
Restore to her her own,
Restore to her my morning gift,
Strathboggie and Aboyne.

“ It had been gude for my wife, father,
To me she'd born a son,
He would have got my land an' rents,
Where they lie out an' in.

“ It had been gude for my wife, father,
To me she'd born an heir,
He would have got my land and rents,
Where they lie fine and fair.”

The steeds they strave into their stables,
The boys couldn't get them bound,
The hounds lay howling on the leech,
'Cause their master was behind.

“ I dreamed a dream since late yestreen,
I wish it may be good,
That our chamber was full of swine,
An' our bed full of blood.

“ I saw a woman come from the west,
Full sore wringing her hands,
And aye she cried, ‘ Ohon, alas !
My good Lord's broken bands.’

“As she came by my good Lord’s bower,
 Saw many black steeds and brown,
 ‘I’m feared it be many unco Lords,
 Havin’ my love from town.’

“As she came by my good Lord’s bower,
 Saw many black steeds an’ grey,
 ‘I’m feared its many unco Lords,
 Havin’ my love to the clay.’”

THE BURNING OF FRENDRAUGHT.

This ballad, which possesses considerable merit, was supposed by Ritson to have been lost.*

THE eighteenth day of October,
 A dismal tale to hear,
 How good Lord John an’ Rothiemay,
 Were both burnt in the fire.

When steeds were saddled an’ well bridled,
 And ready for to ride,
 Then out there came the false Frendraught,
 Inviting them to bide.

* For a full account of the circumstances which gave rise to this ballad, see Appendix.

Said, "Stay this night until we sup,
The morn until we dine,
'Twill be token of good 'greement
'Twixt your good Lord an' mine."

"We'll turn again," said good Lord John,
"But no!" said Rothiemay,
"My steed's trapanned, my bridle's broken,
I fear the day I'm fay."

When mass was sung, and bells were rung,
And all men bound for bed,
Then good Lord John and Rothiemay
In one chamber were laid.

They had not long cast off their clothes,
And were but new asleep,
When weary smoke began to rise,
Likewise the scorching heat.

"O waken, waken, Rothiemay,
O waken, brother dear,
And turn you to your Saviour,
There is strong treason here."

When they were dressed wi' their clothes,
An' ready for to boun',
The doors and windows were all secured,
The roof-tree burning down.

He did flee to the wire window,
As fast as he could gang,
Says "Woe to the hands put in the stanchions,
For out we'll never win."

While he stood at the wire window,
Most doleful to be seen,
He did espy the Lady Frendraught,
Who stood upon the green.

"Mercy! mercy! Lady Frendraught,
Will ye not sink with sin,
For first your husband killed my father,
And now you burn his son."

O then outspake the Lady Ferndraught,
And loudly did she cry :
"It were great pity for good Lord John,
But none for Rothiemay ;
The keys were casten in the deep draw-well,
Ye cannot win away."

While he stood in this dreadful plight,
Most piteous to be seen,
Then called out his servant Gordon,
As he had frantic been.

“O loup ! O loup ! my dear master,
O loup and come to me ;
I'll catch you in my arms two,
One foot I will not flee.

“O loup ! O loup ! my dear master,
O loup and come away,
I'll catch you in my arms two,
But Rothiemay may lay.”

“The fish shall ne'er swim in the flood,
Nor corn grow thro' the clay,
Nor the fiercest fire that ere was kindled,
Twin me and Rothiemay.

“I cannot loup, I cannot come,
I cannot win to thee,
My head's fast in the wire window,
My feet burning from me.

“ My eyes are southering in my head,
My flesh roasting also,
My bowels are boiling with my blood,
Is not that a woeful woe?

“ Take here the rings from my white fingers,
Which are so long and small,
And give them to my lady fair,
Where she sits in her hall.

“ I cannot loup, I cannot come,
I cannot loup to thee,
My earthly part is all consum'd
My spirit speaks to thee.”

Wringing her hands, tearing her hair,
His lady fair was seen,
Calling unto his servant Gordon,
Where he stood on the green.

“ O woe be to you, George Gordon,
An ill death may you dee,
So safe and sound as you stand there,
And my Lord burned from me.”

“ I bade him loup, I bade him come,
I bade him come to me ;
I’d catch him in my arms two,
A foot I would not flee.

“ He threw me the rings from his white fingers,
Which are so long and small,
To give to you, his Lady fair,
Where you sit in your hall.”

Sophia Hay, Sophia Hay,
Bonny Sophia, was her name ;
Her waiting maid put on her clothes,
But she tore them off again.

And oft she cried, “ Ohon, alas !
A sair heart’s easy wan,
I wan a sair heart when I married him,
The day it’s returned again.” *

* For further particulars regarding this disastrous event, see Gordon’s “History of the Family of Gordon,” vol. ii. p. 138; the “Genealogical History of the Family of Sutherland,” p. 420; Ritson’s *Scottish Ballads*, vol. i. p. 31, and Finlay’s *Ballads*, vol. i. p. 59. See also the version in Motherwell’s *Minstrelsy*, p. 167. It differs slightly from the one here given. The student may also consult “*Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum*,” Amsterdam, 1637, vol. i. pp. 508, &c.

LORD SALTON AND AUCHANACHIE.

The circumstances which gave rise to this Ballad are unknown to the Editor.*

BEN came her father,
 Skipping on the floor,
Said "Jeanie, your trying
 The tricks of a whore.

"You're caring for him
 That cares not for thee,
And I pray you take Salton,
 Let Auchanachie be."

"I will not have Salton,
 It lies low by the sea ;
He is bowed in the back,
 He's thraven in the knee,
And I'll die if I get not
 My brave Auchanachie."

"I am bowed in the back,
 Lassie, as ye see,
But the bonny lands of Salton
 Are no crooked tee."

* A more perfect copy of this ballad was recovered by Peter Buchan.

And when she was married
She would not lie down,
But they took out a knife
And cuttit her gown ;

Likewise of her stays,
The lacing in three,
And now she lies dead
For her Auchanachie.

Out comes her bower woman,
Wringing her hands,
Says, " Alas ! for the staying
So long on the sands.

" Alas ! for the staying
So long on the flood,
For Jeanie was married,
And now she is dead."

THE YOUNG LAIRD OF CRAIGSTOUN.

The estate of Craigstoun was acquired by John Urquhart, better known by the name of the Tutor of Cromarty. It would appear that the

ballad refers to his grandson, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Robert Innes of that ilk, and by her had one son. This John Urquhart died November 30, 1634. Spalding (vol. i. p. 36), after mentioning the great mortality in the Craigstoun family, says: "Thus in three years' space the good-sire, son, and oy died." He adds that "the Laird of Innes (whose sister was married to this Urquhart of Leathers, the father), and not without her consent, as was thought, gets the guiding of this *young boy*, and without advice of friends, shortly and quietly marries him, upon his own eldest daughter Elizabeth Innes." He mentions that young Craigstoun's death was generally attributed to melancholy, in consequence of Sir Robert Innes refusing to pay old Craigstoun's debts: the creditors bestowing "many maledictions, which touched the young man's conscience, albeit he could not mend it." The father died in December, 1631, and the son in 1634. The marriage consequently must have been of short duration.

"FATHER," said she, "you have done me wrong,
 For ye have married me on a childe young
 man,
 For ye have married me on a childe young
 man,

And my bonny love is long
 A growing, growing, deary,
 Growing, growing, said the bonny
 maid,
 How long my bonny love's growing."

"Daughter," said he, "I have done you no
 wrong,
 For I have married you on a heritor of land,
 He's likewise possessed of many bills and
 bonds,
And he'll be daily
 Growing, growing, deary," &c.

"Daughter," said he, "if you wish to do well,
 Ye will send your husband away to the school,
 That he of learning may gather great skill,
 And he'll be daily
 Growing, growing, deary," &c.

Now young Craigstoun to the college is gone,
And left his lady making great moan,
That she should be forced to lie a-bed alone,
 And that he was so long
 A-growing, growing, &c.

She's dressed herself in robes of green,
They were right comely to be seen,
She was the picture of Venus' queen,
And she's to the college to see
Him growing, growing, &c.

Then all the Colleginers were playing at the ba',
But the young Craigstoun was the flower of them
a';
He said, " Play on, my schoolfellows a',
For I see my sister
Coming, coming," &c.

Now down into the college park
They walked about till it was dark,
Then he lifted up her fine Holland sark,
And she had no reason to complain
Of his growing, growing, &c.

In his twelfth year he was a married man,
In his thirteenth year then he got a son ;*
And in his fourteenth year his grave grew green,
And that was the end
Of his growing, growing, &c.

* By the extinction of the elder branch of the family this son succeeded to the estate of Cromarty.

BONNY JOHN SETON.

John Seton of Pitmeddin is said by Douglas, in his *Baronage* (p. 182), to have been “a man of good natural parts, which were greatly improved by a liberal education and travelling.” He was a steady loyalist, and having repaired to the Earl of Aboyne’s standard, commanded a detachment of the Cavaliers at the battle of the Bridge of Dee, where he was unfortunately shot through the heart with a cannon-ball, with the royal standard in his hand, June, 1639, in the 29th year of his age. He was father of that celebrated lawyer Sir Alexander Seton, Bart, of Pitmeddin.

UPON the eighteenth day of June,
A dreary day to see,
The Southern Lords did pitch their camp
Just at the Bridge of Dee.

Bonny John Seton, of Pitmeddin,
A bold baron was he,
He made his testament ere he went out,
The wiser man was he.

He left his land to his young son,
His lady her dowry,
A thousand crowns to his daughter Jean,
Yet on the nurse's knee.

Then out came his lady fair,
A tear into her e'e,
Says, "Stay at home, my own good lord,
O stay at home with me !"

He looked over his left shoulder,
Cried, "Soldiers, follow me !"
O then she looked in his face,
An angry woman was she ;
"God send me back my steed again,
But ne'er let me see thee."

His name was Major Middleton
That manned the Bridge of Dee ;
His name was Colonel Henderson
That let the cannons flee.

His name was Major Middleton
That manned the Bridge of Dee,
And his name was Colonel Henderson
That dung Pitmeddin in three.

Some rode on the black and grey,
And some rode on the brown ;
But the bonny John Seton
Lay gasping on the ground.

Then bye there comes a false Forbes,
Was riding from Drininere,
Says, " Here there lies a proud Seton,
' This day they ride the rear."

Craigievar said to his men,
" You may play on your shield,
For the proudest Seton in all the lan'
This day lies on the field.

" O spoil him ! spoil him !" cried Craigievar,
" Him spoiled let me see,
For on my word," said Craigievar,
" He had no good will at me."

They took from him his armour clear,
His sword, likewise his shield ;
Yea, they have left him naked there,
Upon the open field.

The Highland men, they're clever men
 At handling sword and shield,
 But yet they are too naked men
 To stay in battlefield.

The Highland men are clever men
 At handling sword or gun,
 But yet they are too naked men
 To bear the cannon's rung

For a cannon's roar, in a summer night,
 Is like thunder in the air,
 There's not a man in Highland dress
 Can face the cannon's fire.*

MARY HAMILTON.

In the "Border Minstrelsy" there occurs another Ballad on the same subject, "The Queen's Marie." A notice is prefixed, to which reference

* William Forbes of Craigievar was, by Charles I. created a baronet of Nova Scotia, by patent dated 20th April, 1630. He took an active part on the side of the Parliament, and was made Sheriff of Aberdeen (1647), and one of the Commissioners for selling the estates of the "malignants."

is made. The present Ballad differs considerably from that preserved by Sir Walter Scott, and appears to be a fragment.*

THEN down cam Queen Marie,
Wi' gold links in her hair,
Saying, " Marie mild, where is the child,
That I heard greet sae sair?"

" There was nae child wi' me, madam,
There was nae child wi' me,
It was but me in a sair cholic,
When I was like to die !"

" I'm not deceived," Queen Marie said,
" No, no, indeed ! not I !
So Marie mild, where is the child ?
For sure I heard it cry."

She turned down the blankets fine,
Likewise the Holland sheet,
And underneath, there strangled lay,
A lovely baby sweet.

† See also a more ample version printed by the Aungervyle Society (Series I. p. 85), and another imperfect copy in Sharpe's Ballad Book.

“ O cruel mother,” said the Queen,
 “ Some fiend possessed thee,
 But I will hang thee for this deed,
 My Marie tho’ thou be !”

* * * * *

When she cam to the Nether-Bow port,
 She laugh’t loud laughters three ;
 But when she cam to the gallows foot,
 The saut tear blinded her e’e.

“ Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,
 The night she’ll hae but three ;
 There was Marie Seton and Marie Beaton,
 And Marie Carmichael and me.

“ Ye mariners, ye mariners,
 That sail upon the sea,
 Let not my father or mother wit
 The death that I maun die.

“ I was my parents’ only hope,
 They ne’er had ane but me,
 They little thought when I left hame,
 They should nae mair me see !

BURD ELLEN AND YOUNG TAMLANE.

The following fragment was communicated to the Editor by his friend R. Pitcairn, Esq., who took it down from the recitation of a female relative, who had heard it frequently sung in her childhood, about sixty years since. To that gentleman he is indebted for the following notice :—

Burd Ellen, referred to in the following fragment, is the *Proud Eline* of the Northern minstrels ; the *Burd Ellen* of the Scots ; *La Prude Dame Eline* of the French, and the *Gentle Lady Eline* of the English. The term *Prud*, which was afterwards corrupted into *Burd*, is equally applicable to knights as well as to ladies, in the Danish, Swedish, and French languages. The *Ritter Hin Prud* of the Danish, the *Preux Chevalier* of the French, and the *Gentle Knight* of the English ballads and romances are identically the same.

“ *Young Tamlane*, in like manner, is a very popular personage in our romantic ballads, and appears under the variations of *Thom of Lynn*, *Thom-a-Lin*, *Tomlin*, and *Tom Linn*, &c. Reference may be made to the Border Minstrelsy, where the *Tale of Tamlane* is prefaced by a very valuable dissertation on the fairies of popular superstition ; and also to Jamieson’s Collection, for many interesting particulars. “ It

is highly probable that Burd Ellen, &c., may be a popular corruption of *Burd-alayn*, or *Burdalane*, which signifies an only child, a maiden," &c.

BURD Ellen sits in her bower windowe,
With a double laddy double, and for the double
 dow,
Twisting the red silk and the blue,
With the double rose and the May-hay.

And whiles she twisted and whiles she twan,
With a double, &c.,
And whiles the tears fell down amang,
With the double, &c.

Till once there by cam Young Tamlane,
With a double, &c.,
"Come light, oh light, and rock your young
 son!"
With the double, &c.

"If you winna rock him you may let him
 rair,
With a double, &c.,
For I hae rockit my share and mair!
"With the double, &c."

* * * * *

Young Tamlane to the seas he's gane,
With a double, &c.,
And a woman's curse in his company's gane !
With the double, &c.

CHILDE VYET.

Mr. Jamieson, in his *Ballads*, vol. ii. page 265, has published from Mr. Herd's MS. "Lord Wa'yates and auld Ingram," in which the story very much resembles what occurs here. The versification of it is totally different. "Lord Wa'yates" is, however, a fragment, and the catastrophe is wanting. This deficiency is fortunately supplied by the present ballad.*

LORD INGRAM and Childe Vyet
Were both born in ane bower,
Had both their loves on one Lady,
The loss was their honour.

Childe Vyet and Lord Ingram
Were both born in one hall,
Had both their loves on one Lady,
The worse did them befall.

* Peter Buchan recovered a far more perfect and beautiful version than this.

Lord Ingram woo'd the Lady Maiserey
 From father and from mother ;
Lord Ingram woo'd the Lady Maiserey
 From sister and from brother.

Lord Ingram wooed the Lady Maiserey
 With leave of all her kin ;
And every one gave full consent,
 But she said " No ! " to him.

Lord Ingram wooed the Lady Maiserey
 Into her father's ha' ;
Childe Vyet wooed the Lady Maiserey
 Among the sheets so sma'.

Now it fell out upon a day
 She was dressing her head,
That ben did come her father dear,
 Wearing the gold so red.

" Get up, now, Lady Maiserey ;
 Put on your wedding gown,
For Lord Ingram will be here ;
 Your wedding must be done ! "

“ I’d rather be Childe Vyet’s wife,
The white fish for to sell,
Before I were Lord Ingram’s wife,
To wear the silk so well !

“ I’d rather be Childe Vyet’s wife,
With him to beg my bread,
Before I’d be Lord Ingram’s wife,
To wear the gold so red.

“ Where will I get a bonny boy,
Will win gold to his fee,
Will run unto Childe Vyet’s ha’,
With this letter from me ? ”

“ Oh, here, I am the boy,” says one,
“ Will win gold to my fee,
And carry away any letter
To Childe Vyet from thee.”

And when he found the bridges broke,
He bent his bow and swam,
And when he found the grass growing,
He hasten’d and he ran.

And when he came to Vyet's Castle
He did not knock nor call,
But set his bent bow to his breast
And lightly leaped the wall ;
And ere the porter open'd the gate
The boy was in the hall.

The first line that Childe Vyet read
A grieved man was he ;
The next line that he looked on
A tear blinded his e'e.

“ What ails my one brother,” he says,
He'll not let my love be ;
But I'll send to my brother's bridal,
The woman shall be free.

“ Take four and twenty bucks and ewes,
And ten tun of the wine,
And bid my love be blythe and glad,
And I will follow syne.”

There was not a groom about that castle
But got a gown of green ;
And a' was blythe, and a' was glad,
But Lady Maiserey was wi' wean.

There was no cook about the kitchen
But got a gown of gray,
And a' was blythe, and a' was glad,
But Lady Maisery was wae.

'Tween Mary Kirk and that castle
Was all spread o'er with gold,
To keep the Lady and her maidens
From tramping on the mould.

From Mary Kirk to that castle
Was spread a cloth of gold,
To keep the Lady and her maidens
From treading on the mould.

When mass was sung, and bells were rung,
And all men bound for bed,
Then Lord Ingram and Lady Maisery
In one bed they were laid.

When they were laid upon their bed,
It was baith soft and warm,
He laid his hand over her side,
Says he, "You are with bairn."

“ I told you once, so did I twice,
 When ye came as my wooer,
That Childe Vyet, your one brother,
 One night lay in my bower.

“ I told you twice, so did I thrice,
 Ere ye came me to wed,
That Childe Vyet, your one brother,
 One night lay in my bed ! ”

“ O will you father your bairn on me,
 And on no other man,
And I'll gie him to his dowry
 Full fifty ploughs of land ? ”

“ I will not father my bairn on you,
 Nor on no wrongous man,
Tho' you'd gie him to his dowry
 Five thousand ploughs of land.”

Then up did start him Childe Vyet,
 Shed by his yellow hair,
And gave Lord Ingram to the heart,
 A deep wound and a sair.

Then up did start him Lord Ingram,
Shed by his yellow hair,
And gave Childe Vyet to the heart,
A deep wound and a sair.

There was no pity for the two Lords,
When they were lying slain,
All was for Lady Maiserey,
In that bower she gaed brain !

There was no pity for the two Lords,
When they were lying dead,
All was for Lady Maiserey,
In that bower she went mad !

“ O get to me a cloak of cloth,
A staff of good hard tree,
If I have been an evil woman,
I shall beg till I die.

“ For ae bit I’ll beg for Childe Vyet,
For Lord Ingram I’ll beg three,
All for the honourable marriage that
At Mary Kirk he gave me.”

ERROL'S PLACE.

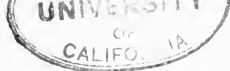
Gilbert, who succeeded in the year 1636 to the Earldom of Errol, and who married Catherine, daughter of James, second Earl of Southesque, is the hero of this strange song. He died without issue, anno 1674. There is a *South-country* Ballad on the same subject, which is considerably longer, and in which the incidents vary materially; particularly, Lady Errol tries to poison her husband, an attempt passed over in silence in the present copy, which is the *North-country* version of the story.

O ERROL's place is a bonny place,
 It stands upon yon plain,
 The flowers at it grow red and white,
 The apples red and green.

Chorus.

The wally o't, the wally o't,
 According as you ken,
 The thing they ca' the ranting o't,
 Our lady lies alane !

O Errol's place is a bonny place,
 It stands upon yon plain,
 But what's the use of Errol's place,
 He's no like other men ?
 The wally, &c.



“ It’s I cam in by yon canal,
And by yon bowling green,
I might have pleased the best Carnegie
That ever bore that name.”
The wally, &c.

“ As sure as your Jean Carnegie,
And I am Gibbie Hay,
I’ll cause your father to sell his land,
Your tocher for to pay.”
The wally, &c.

“ To cause my father to sell his land
I think would be a sin,
To give to such a rogue as you,
Who never could it win.”
The wally, &c.

So he must go to Edinburgh,
Amang the nobles a’,
And there before good witnesses
His manhood for to shaw.
The wally, &c.

Then out it’s spoke her sister,
Whose name was called Miss Ann,

“ Had I been Lady Errol,
Or come of sic a clan,
I would not in this public way
Have sham’d my own gude man.”
The wally, &c.

A servant girl there was found out
On whom to show his skill,
He gave to her a hundred pounds
To purchase her goodwill.
The wally, &c.

And still he cried, “ Look up, Peggy,
Look up, and think no shame,
And you shall have your hundred pounds,
Before I lay you down.”
The wally, &c.

Now he has lain him down wi’ her,
A hundred pounds in pawn,
And all the noblemen cried out,
“ That Errol is a man.”
The wally, &c.

“ Tak hame your daughter,” Errol said,
“ And tak her to a glen,

“ For Errol canna pleasure her,
Nor can no other man.”
The wally, &c.*

CATHERINE JAFFERY.

In the “Border Minstrelsy” occurs another version of Catherine Jaffery, much superior to the present one in poetical merit. As a North country edition of a Border Ballad the Editor has, however, been induced to preserve it.

O BONNY Catherine Jaffery,
That dainty maid so fair,
Once loved the Laird of Lochinvar,
Without any compare.

Long time she loo’d him very well,
But they changed her mind away,
And now she goes another’s bride,
And plays him foul play.

The bonny Laird of Lauderdale
Came from the south countrie,
And he has wooed the pretty maid,
Through presents entered he.

* The circumstances which gave rise to this ballad are given in Sharpe’s Ballad Book (*Bibliotheca Curiosa*, vol. iii. p. 28, foot-note).

For tocher gear he did not stand,
She was a dainty May,
He 'greed him with her friends all,
And set the wedding day.

When Lochinvar got word of this,
He knew not what to do,
For losing of a lady fair,
That he did love so true.

But if I were young Lochinvar,
I wou'd not care a fly,
To take her on her wedding day,
From all her company.

Get ye a quiet messenger,
Send him through all your land,
For a hundred and fifty brave young lads
To be at your command.

To be all at your command,
And your bidding to obey ;
Yet still cause you the trumpet sound,
The voice of foul play.

He got a quiet messenger,
To send thro' all his land,
And full three hundred pretty lads
Were all at his command.

Were all at his command,
And his bidding did obey :
Yet still he made the trumpet sound,
The voice of foul play.

Then he went to the bridal house,
Among the nobles a',
And when he stepped upon the floor,
He gave a loud huzza !

“ Huzza ! huzza ! you English men,
Or Borderers who were born,
Ne'er come to Scotland for a maid,
Or else they will you scorn.

“ She'll bring you on with tempting words,
Aye, 'till the wedding day,
Synce give you frogs instead of fish,
And play you foul play.

The gentlemen all wondered
 What could be in his mind,
And asked, " If he'd a mind to fight,
 Why spoke he so unkind ?

" Did he e'er see such pretty men,
 As were there in array ? "

" O yes," said he, " a fairy court,
 Were leaping on the hay.

" As I came in by Hyland banks,
 And in by Hyland braes,
There did I see a fairy court,
 All leaping on the leas.

" I came not here to fight," he said,
 " But for good fellowship gay ;
I want to drink with your bridegroom,
 And then I'll boun' my way."

The glass was filled with good red wine,
 And drunk between them twae ;
" Give me one shake of your bonny bride's hand,
 And then I'll boun' my way."

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hands,
And by the grass-green sleeve,
Puli'd her on horseback him behind,
At her friends ask'd nae leave.

Syne rode the water with great speed,
And merrily the knows,
Then fifty from the bridal came,
Indeed it was nae mows.

Thinking to take the bride again,
Thro' strength if that they may,
But still he gar't the trumpet sound,
The voice of foul play.

There were four and twenty ladies fair,
All walking on the lea,
He gave to them the bonny bride,
And bade them boun' their way.

They splintered the spears in pieces now,
And the blades flew in the sky,
But the bonny Laird of Lochinvar
Has gained the victory.

Many a wife and widow's son
 Lay gasping on the ground,
 But the bonny Laird of Lochinvar
 He has the victory won.*

EPPIE MORRIE.

This Ballad is probably much more than a century old, though the circumstances which have given rise to it were, unfortunately, too common to preclude the possibility of its being of a later date. Although evidently founded on fact, the Editor has not hitherto discovered the particular circumstances out of which it has originated.

FOUR and twenty Highland men
 Came a' from Carrie side,
 To steal awa' Eppie Morrie,
 'Cause she would not be a bride.

Out it's came her mother,
 It was a moonlight night,
 She could not see her daughter,
 There swords they shin'd so bright.

* Was first published in the "Border Minstrelsy," under the title of "Catherine Janfarie," and a West country version, "Catherine Johnstone," is given by Motherwell.

“Haud far awa’ frae me, mother,
Haud far awa’ frae me,
There’s not a man in a’ Strathdon
Shall wedded be with me.”

They have taken Eppie Morrie,
And horseback bound her on,
And then awa’ to the minister,
As fast as horse could gang.

He’s taken out a pistol, and
Set it to the minister’s breast :
“Marry me, marry me, minister,
Or else I’ll be your priest.”

“Haud far awa’ frae me, good Sir,
Haud far awa’ frae me,
For there’s not a man in all Strathdon
That shall married be with me.”

“Haud far awa’ frae me, Willie,
Haud far awa’ frae me,
For I darna avow to marry you,
Except she’s as willing as ye.”

They have taken Eppie Morrie,
 Since better could nae be,
And they're awa' to Carrie side,
 As fast as horse could flee.

When mass was sung, and bells were rung,
 And all were bound for bed,
Then Willie and Eppie Morrie,
 In one bed they were laid.

“Haud far awa' frae me, Willie,
 Haud far awa' frae me,
Before I lose my maidenhead,
 I'll try my strength with thee.”

She took the cap from off her head,
 And threw it to the way,
Said, “Ere I lose my maidenhead,
 I'll fight with you till day.”

Then early in the morning,
 Before her clothes were on,
In came the maiden of Scalletter,
 Gown and shirt alone.

“Get up, get up, young woman,
And drink the wine wi’ me.”
“Ye might have called me maiden,
I’m sure as leal as thee.”

“Wally fa’ you, Willie, that
Ye could nae prove a man,
And ta’en the lassie’s maidenhead,
She would have hired your han’.”

“Haud far awa’ frae me, lady,
Haud far awa’ frae me,
There’s not a man in a’ Strathdon,
The day shall wed wi’ me.”

Soon in there came Belbordlane,
With a pistol on every side,
“Came awa’ hame, Eppie Morrie,
And there you’ll be my bride.”

“Go get to me a horse, Willie,
And get it like a man,
And send me back to my mother,
A maiden as I cam.”

The sun shines o'er the westlin hills,
By the light lamp of the moon,
"Just saddle your horse, young John Forsyth,
And whistle, and I'll come soon."

ROB ROY MCGREGOR.

From a MS. collection of Ballads, &c., in the possession of R. Pitcairn, Esq., who notes that he took it from the recitation of Widow Stevenson. The first part is sung to the air of "The Bonny House of Airlie," and the latter part, "Haud away frae me, Donald." It forms an appropriate sequel to Eppie Morrie.*

ROB ROY from the Highlands cam,
Unto our Scottish border,
And he has stow'n a lady fair,
To haud his house in order.

And when he cam, he surrounded the house,
Twenty men their arms did carry,
And he has stow'n this lady fair,
On purpose her to marry.

* For a very curious version see Aungervyle Society's Reprints, Series I.

And when he cam, he surrounded the house,
No tidings there cam before him,
Or else the lady would have been gone,
For still she did abhor him.

Wi' mournfu' cries, and wat'ry eyes,
Fast hauding by her mother,
Wi' mournfu' cries, and wat'ry eyes,
They were parted frae each other.

Nae time he ga'ed her to be dressed,
As ladies do when they're bride O !
But he hastened and hurried her awa',
And he row'd her in his plaid O !

They rade till they came to Ballyshine,
At Ballyshine they tarried ;
He bought to her a cotton gown,
Yet ne'er would she be married.

Three held her up before the priest,
Four carried her to bed O !
Wi' wat'ry eyes, and mournfu' sighs,
When she behind was laid O !

* * * * *

“O be content, be content,
 Be content to stay, lady,
 For you are my wedded wife,
 Unto my dying day, lady !”

“My father is Rob Roy called,
 McGregor is his name, lady,
 In all the county where he dwells
 He does succeed the fame, lady !

“My father he has cows and ewes,
 And goats he has eneuch, lady,
 And you and twenty thousand merks
 Will make me a man complete, lady.”*



* For an account of the circumstances founded on in the Ballad, vide “Criminal Trials illustrative of Rob Roy,” pp. 14-22. See also the very full account prefixed to the version printed by the Aungervyle Society (Series I. No. 90). This individual’s son, James, was the father of Gregor, who dropped the name of Campbell, and assumed that of Drummond. He was a butcher by trade, and left a daughter, who married one Brown, a perfumer, who having been killed by the carelessness of the driver of a stage coach, his widow and children brought an action of damages against the proprietors, in which they were successful, and obtained exemplary damages. For this *valuable* piece of genealogical information the Editor was indebted to Alexander Campbell, Esq. !

PAUL JONES.

The following is taken from Mr. Pitcairn's MS. Collection of Ballads, &c. It was written down by him from the recitation of an old lady, who gave the song the name of "Paul Jones," on which account it is so termed here. Mr. Pitcairn remarks that it "was much sung in Edinburgh by the populace, on occasion of Paul Jones making his appearance in the Firth of Forth; and also during the strenuous opposition in Scotland, and the consequent riots which took place during the discussion of the Popish Bill. It was afterwards revived during the threatened invasion of Britain by Buonaparte, in ridicule of the attempt; but I have not hitherto been able to procure either a MS. or printed set of this curious song. This ballad is sung to the now popular air of "We're a' noddin."

"O DEAR, Marg'et, are ye within?
When I heard the news I but to rin,
Down the gate to tell ye,
Down the gate to tell ye,
Down the gate to tell ye,
We'll no be left our skin!

"O dear, woman! O dear! O dear!
There ne'er was the like o' this since Marr's
year,

And I'm a' pantin',
Pantin', pantin',
I'm a' pantin',
Frae my heart here !

“ Weel kent I that a' was nae right,
For I dream'd o' red and green, a' last night,
And three cats fighting,
And three cats fighting,
And three cats fighting,
I waukened wi' the fright !

“ But fare ye weel, woman, for I maun gae
rin,
Do you ken if your neighbour Elspet be in ?
And auld Rob the barber,
And auld Rob the barber,
And auld Rob the barber,
For I maun tell him.”

“ Stay a wee, woman, an' tell us a' out,
They're bringing in Popery, I doubt, an' I
doubt,
And a sad reformation,
And a sad reformation,
And a sad reformation,
In a' the kirks about !

“ Little do we see, but mickle do we hear,
The French and Americans are a’ comin’
here,
An’ we’ll a’ be murdered,
An’ we’ll a’ be murdered,
An’ we’ll a’ be murdered,
Before the New Year !”

“ Whish’t, woman, whish’t ! I thought I heard
a gun,”
“ Hout na’, Marg’et !—it’s me, I’m fashed
wi’ win’.
An’ I’m glad when it wins awa’,
An’ I’m glad when it wins awa’,
An’ I’m glad when it wins awa’,
Frae, frae behin’ !

“ But never ye fear, woman : let them a’
come,
For I’ll wield my rock yet, for a’ their neck’s
horn,
Before that I yield it,
Before that I yield it,
Before that I yield it,
To ony Frenchman born.

“For dinna ye mind, on this very floor,
 How we a’ reek’d out, an’ a’ to Shirramuir,
 Wi’ stanes in our aprons,
 Wi’ stanes in our aprons,
 Wi’ stanes in our aprons,
 And wrought straith, I’m sure.”

THE JOLLY HAWK AND THE TEARSEL.

The ensuing song is the production of the amiable Lord Binning; of whom several very interesting particulars will be found in the *Memoirs of Lady Murray*. A brief sketch of his life is given in Walpole’s “*Royal and Noble Authors*,” vol. v. p. 142, Park’s Edition.

I HAD a jolly hawk, and a tearsel of my own,
 Fal, &c.
 Come from as good an airy as ever yet was known,
 Fal, &c.
 He was but newly entered, when that it came to
 pass,
 He fell in love with a Solan goose, and flew into
 the Bass.
 Fal, &c.

When he arrived there, the goose to him did say,
I pray, good Master Tearsel, what brought you
here away?
To which the tearsel answer'd, I'm come to get an
egg
With you, sweet Mistress Goose, if you'll please to
lift your leg.

The jealous solan gander put on an angry face,
I pray, good Master Tearsel, I redd you leave
this place,
If you don't do it quickly, your stay you shall
repent,
Wou'd you spoil our brood of solan geese, and vex
the President? *

To which the tearsel answered, "I dinna care
a ——
Gin ye winna len' me your wife, I'll ha'd me wi'
a scart;
Ye may keep her to ye're sel', but ye needna look
so fierce,
For I'll kiss and clap my scart, and ye may kiss
my ——.

* President Dalrymple, of North Berwick.

Ye're seamaws and taimie nories, into my bed I'll
 take,
 Nor will I spare a marrot, nor yet a kittyweake,
 Neither goose nor sandy lavrock, nor whaup shall
 e'er gae free,
 But ev'ry bird into the Bass shall lay an egg to
 me !"

The solan goose, offended to hear him crack sae
 crouse,
 Says, "Ye're a cursed liar, sir, as I'm a solan
 goose ;
 For if you do but touch a bird, be she either wife
 or lass,
 Ye shall hae cause to rue the day that e'er ye saw
 the Bass !

"O sir, ye'er but a stanchel, or else a ringtail'd
 kite,"
 Then turning round his rumple he in his face
 did ——.
 The hawk, in doleful dolor, did wipe his ——
 e'e,
 And was content to take his wing and waft him
 o'er the sea.

He lighted on Tam Tallen, and peach'd upon a
tow'r :

“ A pox confound the solan goose, the husband of
the whore,

For he's blindit a' my eye, and he's claggit a' my
wing,

And the d—I confound his rotten doup, his ——
it stinks o' ling !”

Meanwhile the dolefu' master was in a deep
despair,

A capias gae to Nicol, see what's become o'
Blair,

Gae send out little Stevenson, and see that he be
sure

To call out Grova Nicol, to waft about the lure.

What ail'd the careless rascal to hound him down
the wind,

I'll loose my harvest hawking, unless my hawk I
find ;

Quoth Haddington, “ I'm sorry ; ” quoth Binny,
“ I could greet ; ”

Quoth Tam, “ My Lord, I'll seek your hawk upon
my barefoot feet.”

But in came Willie Bower, with pleasure in his
face ;

“ My Lord, ye’re hawk’s come back,—but he’s in
a s——n case ! ”

My Lord was all in rapture to hear the gladsome
tale,

“ Tak that to buy ye brandy, and that to buy ye
ale ! ”

How fickle and uncertain are all our earthly joys,
When the losing of a hawk all our harvest hope
destroys :

But we’ll thraw about each hawk’s neck, and
hang each yelping hound,

And tak ourselves to tippenny, where joys alone
abound !

O WHAT A PARISH.

Tune, “ Bonny Dundee.”

The Editor is ignorant of the circumstances
which gave rise to this very spirited song, no
popular tradition on the subject having reached
him.

Chorus.

O WHAT a parish, what a terrible parish !

O what a parish is that o’ Dunkell !

They hae hangit the minister, drown'd the
precentor,
Dang dawn the steeple, an' druken the bell !

Tho' the steeple was down, the kirk was still
stannin' ;
They biggit a lum,* whare the bell used to
hang,
A stell-pat they gat, and they brew'd Highland
whisky,
On Sundays they drank it, an' ranted an' sang !
O what a parish, &c.

O ! had you but seen how gracefu' it luikit,
To see the crammed pews so socially join ;
Macdonald the piper stuck up in the pu'pit,
He made the pipes skirle sweet music divine.
O what a parish, &c.

When the heart-cheering spirit had mounted the
garret,
To a ball on the green they a' did adjourn,
Maids wi their coats kiltit, they skipplit and tiltit,
When tired, they shook hands, and a' hame did
return.
O what a parish, &c.

* Lum, chimney.

Wad the kirks in our Britain haud sic social
meetings,

Nae warnin' they'd need frae a tinklin' bell,
For true love and friendship wad ca' them the-
gither,

Far better than roarin' o' horrors o' hell.

O what a Parish, &c.

MY WIFE SHALL HAE HER WILL.

(To be sung in its own particular tune.)

The Editor is indebted to Mr. Pitcairn's MS. Collection for this song. He states that "it was taken from the recitation of Miss K——, an old lady, who mentions it as having been popular "when she was a girl (about half a century ago), but she did not recollect of ever seeing it in any written or printed collection."

IF my dear wife should chance to gang,

Wi' me to Edinburgh town,

Into a shop I will her tak,

And buy her a new gown.

But if my dear wife should hain the charge,

As I expect she will,

And if she says, "The auld ane will do,"

By my word she shall hae her will !

If my dear wife should wish to gang,
To see a neighbour or a friend ;
A horse or a chaise I will provide,
And a servant to attend ;
But if my dear wife shall hain the charge,
As I expect she will ;
And if she says, she “ will walk on foot,”
By my word she shall hae her will.

If my dear wife shall bring me a son,
As I expect she will,
Cake and wine I will provide,
And a nurse to nurse the child.
But if my dear wife shall hain the charge,
As I expect she will,
And if she say, she’ll nurse it hersell,
By my word she shall hae her will.

FINIS.

APPENDIX.

THE BURNING OF FRENDRAUGHT (p. 14).

[Extract from John Spalding's "Memorials of the Trubles in Scotland" (vol. i. p. 13, Spalding Club Publications).]

“Upone the morne being Frydday, and aucht of October, 1630, the Marques causit Frendracht to brakfast lovinglie and kyndlie. Efter brakfast the Marques directis his deir sone Johne, Viscount of Aboyne, with sum servandis to convoy Frendracht home to his awin hous, if Petcaple wes laid for him be the way. Johne Gordoun, eldest sone to the lait slayne Laird of Rothimay, hapint to be in the bog, who wold go also with Aboyne. Thay ryde but inteiruptioun to the place of Frendracht, or sicht of Petcaple be the way. Aboyne tuke his leive from the Laird, bot upone no conditioun he and his ladie wold not suffer him to go nor none that wes with him that nicht, bot earnestlie urgit him (thogh aganes his will) to byd. Thay war weill intertaynde, souppit mirrellie, and to bed went joyfullie. The Viscount wes laid in ane bed in the old tower (going af of the hall) and standing upone volt, quhairin thair wes ane round hoill devysit of old just under Aboyne's bed. Robert Gordoun borne in Sutherland his seruitour, and English Will his page, wes both laid besyde him in

the samen chalmer. The Laird of Rothimay with some seruandis besyde him wes laid in ane upper chalmer just above Aboyne's chalmer, and in ane uther rounge aboue that chalmer wes laid George Chalmer of Noth and George Gordoun, ane uther of the Viscountis seruandis, with quhom also wes laid capiten Rollok then in Frendrachtis awin company. Thus all being at rest about midnight that dolorous towr tuke fyre in so suddant and furious maner, yea and in ane clap, that this noble Viscount, the Laird of Rothimay, English Will, Colleyn Ivat, ane uther of Aboyne's seruitouris and uther tua being six in number, war cruellie brynt and tormentit to the death but help or releif, the Laird of Frendracht, his ladie, and haill houshold looking on without moveing or sturring to deliuer thame fra the furie of this feirfull fyre as wes reportit.

Robert Gordoun, callit Sutherland Robert, being in the Viscountis chalmer escaipit this fyre with his lyf. George Chalmer and Capitaine Rollok being in the third rounge escaipit also this fyre, and as wes said Aboyne nicht haue saiffit himself also if he had gone out of durris, quhilk he wold not do bot suddantlie ran up stairris to Rothimayis chalmer, and walkint him to rys ; and as he is walkning him the tymber passage and lofting of the chalmer haistellie takis fyre, so that none of them could wyn dounstairis agane : so they turnit to ane wyndo luiking to the clois quhair

thay piteouslie cryit help, help, mony tymes, for Godis caus. The Laird and the Ladie with thair seruandis all seeing and heiring this wofull crying bot maid no help nor maner of helping, whiche thay perceaving, that cryit often tymes mercie at Godis handis for thair synis, syne claspit in uther armes and cheirfullie sufferit this cruell martyr-dome. Thus deit this noble Viscount of singular expectation, Rothimay a brave youth, and the rest be this dulefull fyre neuer aneuche to be deplorit, to the gryt griefe and sorrow of thair kyn, freindis, parentis, and haill countrie people, especiallie to the noble Marques, who for his goodwill gat this rewaird. No man can expres the dolour of him and his ladie, nor yit the greif of the Viscountis awin deir ladie when it cam to her eiris, whiche scho keipit to hir deing day, disdayning euer the company of man thair-efter in the rest of hir lifyme following the love of the turtle dow."



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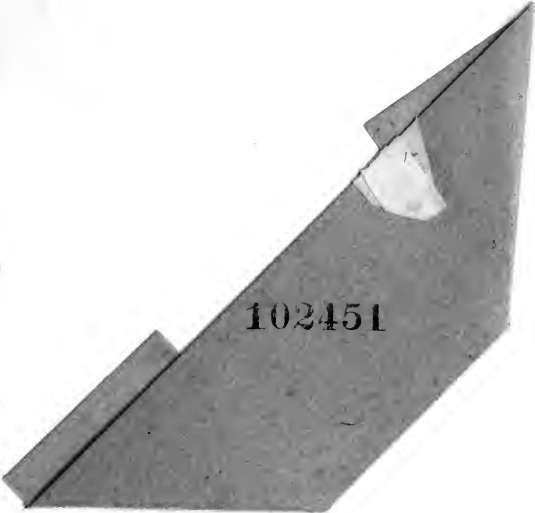
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